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BABY BUNTING.

[Is Tom Hughes' "Memoir of a Brother" there as a poem written by George Hughes, prompted by the Emperor Napoleon's dispatch to the Emperor about little Louis having passed through his baptism of fire, that is very notable. What recent effort is so charged with a fierce and bitter scorn?]

By baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Bath of human blood to win,
To shoot his baby Bunting in.

What means this hunting?
Listen, baby Bunting—
Wounds—that you may sleep at ease,
Death—that you may reign in peace,
Sweet baby Bunting.

Yes, baby Bunting!
Jolly fun is hunting!
Jacques in front shall bleed and toll,
You in safety gorge the spoil,
Sweet baby Bunting.

Mum! baby Bunting,
Ride to daddy's hunting!
On its quiet cocky horse,
Two miles in the rear, of course,
Precious baby Bunting.

Ah, baby Bunting!
Obtuse a-hunting—
Eager riders get a spill—
Let us hope your daddy will,
Poor little Bunting!

Perpend, my small friend,
After all this hunting,
When the train at last moves on,
Daddy's gingerbread "and
May get a shunting.

Poor baby Bunting!
Cure on such a hunting!
We to him who blood's child
For ambitious visions wild!
Poor baby Bunting!

THE FLEA AND THE PROFESSOR.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

There was once an eronant with whom things went badly. The balloon burst, tumbled the man out, and broke into bits. His boy he had two minutes before sent down with a parachute—that was the boy's luck; he was unhurt, and went about with knowledge enough to make him an aeronaut too; but he had no balloon, and no means of acquiring one.

But live he must, and so he applied himself to the art of legerdemain and to talking in his stomach; in fact he became a ventriloquist, as they say. He was young, good-looking, and when he got a mustache, and had his best clothes on, he could be taken for a nobleman's son. The ladies seemed to think well of him; one young lady even was so taken with his charms and his great dexterity that she went off with him to foreign parts. There he called himself professor—he could scarcely do less.

His constant thought was how to get himself a balloon, and go up into the air with his little wife, but as yet they had no means.

"They'll come yet," said he. "If only they would," said she. "We are young folks," said he, "and now I am professor." She helped him faithfully, sat at the door and sold tickets to the exhibition, and it was a chilly sort of pleasure in winter time. She also helped him in the line of his art. He put his wife into a large table-drawer; then she crawled into the back part of the drawer, and so was not in the front part—quite an optical illusion to the audience. But one evening when he drew the drawer out she was also out of sight to him; she was not in the front drawer, nor in the back one either, not in the house itself—nowhere to be seen or heard—that was her feat of legerdemain, her entertainment. She never came back again; she was tired of it all, and he grew tired of it, lost all his good humor, could not laugh or make jokes, and so the people stopped coming, his earnings became scanty, his clothes gave out; and finally he owned a great flea, which his wife had left him, and so he thought highly of it. And he dressed the flea and taught it to perform, to present arms, and to fire a cannon; but it was a little cannon.

The professor was proud of the flea, and the flea was proud of himself; he had learned something, and had human blood, and had been besides to the largest cities, had been seen by princes and princesses, had received their high praise, and it was printed in newspapers and on placards. Plainly, it was a very famous flea, and could support a professor and his entire family.

The flea was proud and famous, and yet when he and the professor traveled they took fourth-class carriages on the railway; they went just as quickly as the first-class. They were betrothed to each other; it was a private engagement that would never come out; they never would marry, the flea would remain a bachelor, and the professor a widower. That made it balance.

"Where one has the best luck," said the professor, "there one ought to go twice." He was a good judge of character, and that is also a science of itself. At last he had traveled over all countries except the wild ones, and so he wanted to go there. They eat Christian meat there, to be sure, the professor knew, but then he was not properly a Christian, and the flea was not properly a man, so he thought they might venture to travel there and have good success.

They traveled by steamship and by sailing vessel; the flea performed his tricks, and so they got a free passage on

the way, and arrived at the wild country. Here reigned a little princess. She was only eight years old, but she was reigning. She had taken away the power from her father and mother, for she had a will, and then she was extraordinarily beautiful—and rude.

Just as soon as the flea had presented arms and fired off the cannon, she was so enraptured with him that she said, "Him, or nobody!" She became quite wild with love, and was already wild in other ways.

"Sweet, little, sensible child!" said her own father. "If one could only first make a man of him!"

"Leave him to me, old man," said she, and that was not well said by a little princess when talking with her father, but she was wild. She set the flea on her white hand.

"Now you are a man reigning with me, but you shall do what I want you to, or else I'll kill you, and eat the professor." The professor had a great hall to live in. The walls were made of sugar cane, and he could lick them, but he was not a sweet tooth. He had a hammock to sleep in. It was as if he were lying in a balloon, such as he had always wished for himself—that was his constant thought.

The flea lived with the princess, sat upon her delicate hand and upon her white neck. She had taken a hair from her head and made the professor tie it to the flea's leg, and so she kept him tied to the great red coral drop which she wore in her ear-tip. What a delightful time the princess had, and the flea too, she thought, but the professor was not comfortable. He was a traveler; he liked to drive from town to town, and read about his perseverance and cleverness in teaching a flea to do what men do. But he got out of and into his hammock, lounged about and had good feeding—fresh birds' eggs, elephants' eyes, and roast giraffe. People that eat men do not live entirely on cooked meat—no, that is a great delicacy. "Shoulder of children with sharp sauce," said the princess' mother, "is the most delicate."

The professor was tired of it all, and would rather go away from the wild land, but he must have his flea with him, for that was his prodigy, and his bread and butter. How was he to get hold of him. That was no easy matter. He strained all his wits, and then he said:

"Now I have it." "Princess' father! grant me a favor. May I summon your subjects to present themselves before your Royal Highness? That is what is called a ceremony in the high and mighty countries of the world."

"Can I, too, learn to do that?" asked the princess' father. "That is not quite proper," replied the professor; "but I shall teach your wild fatherhood to fire a cannon off. It goes off with a bang. One sits high up aloft, and then off it goes or down he comes."

"Let me crack it off," said the princess' father. But in all the land there was no cannon except the one the flea had brought, and that was so very small.

"I will cast a bigger one," said the professor. "Only give me the means, I must have fine silk stuff, needle and thread, rope and cord, to gether with cordial drops for the balloon, they blow one up so easily and give one the heaves; and they are what make the report in the cannon's inside."

"By all means," said the princess' father, and gave him what he called for. All the court and the entire population came together to see the great cannon cast. The professor did not summon them before he had the balloon entirely ready to be filled and go up. The flea sat on the princess' hand and looked on. The balloon was filled, it bulged out and could scarcely be held down, so violent did it become.

"I must have it up in the air before it can be cooled off," said the professor, and took his seat in the car which hung below. "But I cannot manage and steer it alone. I must have a skillful companion along to help me. There is no one here that can do that except the flea."

"I am not very willing to let him," said the princess. But still she reached out and handed the flea to the professor, who placed him on his hand.

"Let go the cords and ropes," he shouted. "Now the balloon's going." They thought he said "the cannon," and so the balloon went higher and higher, up above the clouds, far away from the wild land.

The little princess, all the family and people sat and waited—they are waiting still; and if you do not believe it, just take a journey to the wild land; every child there talks about the professor and the flea, and believe that they are coming back when the cannon is cooled off; but they will not come, they are at home with us, they are in their native country, they travel on the railway, first-class, not fourth; they have good success, a great balloon. Nobody asks how they got their balloon or where it came from; they are rich folks now, quite respectable folks indeed—the flea and the professor.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SEE in another column the advertisement headed "I Will Help Any Man."

LAND was lately sold in the city of London at the rate of £32 a foot, or £1,700,000 per acre!

TWENTY-FOUR books were published in Japan last year, of which nearly all were translations. With one exception, they relate to what were till lately foreign subjects.

CAIRO, Egypt, has over one thousand restaurants or cafes, and nearly one hundred public baths. The former are dingy and musty, and the latter far from attractive.

WHEN a wife in Turkey forgets to keep the suspender buttons sewed on her husband's trousers she is put on the back for half an hour with a pine board an inch thick.

Is Napoleon dead? A correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* says so, and that the person interred at Chiselhurst is a counterfeit Emperor, while the real Bonaparte is traveling quietly through France testing the political feelings of the people.

It is expensive to trifle with life and property on railroads in England. A recent report made in the House of Lords shows that from 1867 to 1871 over \$8,000,000 in gold was paid by railroad companies for injuries inflicted on passengers, and during the same period \$11,742,840 was paid for compensation on account of property destroyed.

MISS TRICKERAY in her charming novel, "Old Kensington," draws a brief parallel between Paris and London. "Paris," she says, "comes with a cheerful flash of light, a sudden multitudinous chorus. The paved streets rattle, the voices chatter, the note is not so deep as the hollow London echo that we all know, that slow chord of a great city."

HERBERT SPENCER considers the co-operation experiment, judged by its results, a failure, though he is a firm believer in its ultimate success. He thinks that the laboring class do not at present show that spirit of fairness and sense of justice which are its necessary basis; and that their treatment of their own fellows in their labor organizations shows clearly what a very poor article "working-man morality," like all class morality, really is.

WHY WOMEN ARE DELICATE.

Another reason of the delicacy of our women is the far greater style affected by all classes in dress, and the wearing of corsets during early youth. Naturally, if one has attained a full and fine physical development, tight corsets, heavy skirts, close-fitting boots and weighty chignons cannot injure to the same extent as when these appliances of fashion are put upon the soft and yielding muscles of a young and growing girl. The noble ladies of England exercise many hours daily in the open air. They do not disdain to don heavy calfskin shoes and colored petticoats, in which to perform this duty. This, of course would not alone make them as healthy as they are, were not their constitutions strengthened by a proper physical education before they are eighteen years of age, but it suffices to retain them in a good degree of health. Our fair Americans early in the day attire themselves in charming morning costumes, with white skirts; and then they are averse to soiling these by exercise, and the least dampness deters them from a promenade. American ladies think far more of dress and fashion and spend more money and time on their toilets than any women in Europe, not even excepting the French, from whom all our fashions come.

A DARWINIAN SUGGESTION.

Max Adler, in the Boston *Courier*, remarks: "We are engaged now in developing a scheme for growing kid gloves upon the original animal. Our old friend, Darwin, teaches us that you can do almost anything with breeds by judicious 'selection'; and we are convinced that, with a little care, it will be possible to produce a beast whose skin, when stripped off, will make a seamless kid glove. Our first experiments are with lizards. A lizard has four legs and a tail. Now, we believe that eventually the off fore leg can be developed into a thumb, while the other three legs and the tail can be arranged as fingers. We are crossing lizards with short tails with those of long legs; and we are now looking around for a variety of lizard with a button or two on his neck, for the purpose of breeding it in with the others, whose eyes will answer for button-holes. The ultimate result promises to be startling. It will break up the old glove trade, and drive Jovian to suicide. Thus it is that human ingenuity advances human civilization."

DIONYSIO clerk—"Are you going to marry yourself?" Facetious Fattender—"Arrah, now when did I ever hear tell of a gentleman marrying himself? Shure there's a lady goin' to be married along wid me!"

An impetuous swell went to three balls at once—the pawnbroker's.

THE IOWA TORNADO.

An account of the fearful tornado which swept through two counties in Iowa, on Thursday last, has already been given in our columns in very graphic detail, by our correspondent on the spot. Incredible as some of these details may appear, they are nevertheless true. No words can exaggerate the destructive power of one of these cyclones, when it gathers full force and sets out upon its errand of disaster and death. In a level country nothing can withstand their shock. The firmly-rooted mountains offer the only barrier to their progress, and even upon a mountain-side they will destroy trees, shrubs and vegetation, and hurl rocks about like playthings, before they are finally dissipated. The recent tornado, in its various features, recalls that which destroyed the towns of Camanche and New Albany, in the same State, some years ago, with the exception that the Camanche tornado traveled much faster than the Washington one, and passed over a much wider and longer extent of country, not having expended its force entirely until it reached some point in Eastern Wisconsin. In their methods of destruction, however, the two were precisely similar. In each of these disasters the same peculiarity of total destruction was visible. It is not remarkable that large and prominent objects like houses, churches, barns, or even trees, should be rent to pieces when struck by this terrible whirling wind, but its capabilities for destroying, tearing asunder, splitting and literally picking to pieces the smallest and most minute objects even, almost stagger belief. The eccentricities and freaks of these tornadoes in causing destruction have no parallel in any other of the natural forces. The Camanche tornado, like that at Washington, plucked the feathers from fowls, literally flayed cattle, disemboweled sheep, cleaned corn-cobs of every kernel, tore grass up by the roots, wrenched the leaves out of books, tore the leaves off from shrubs, and denuded trees which were not torn up by their bark. There was, in fact, nothing so small or insignificant as to escape their visitation. They were thoroughly impartial in the bestowal of their favors, although the results of their rough handling of things were not always the same. For instance, in the Camanche tornado, one piano was whirled through the air for at least an eighth of a mile, and when it came down alighted like a cat, feet first, into the soft mud on the river bank, none the worse for its aerial journey, except that after such a shaking up it needed tuning. All the rest of the pianos in Camanche, however, were torn into splinters. In the Washington tornado, some of the cattle which took the same journey as the rest escaped unhurt, while others had their hides taken off, horns and all, or were driven head first into the ground.

It is evident from the operations of these tornadoes that science can suggest no precautions against them. Their origin is as mysterious as their result is disastrous. They give no warning of their coming by any unusual agitation of nature. They leave no time for the escape of anything within their course. It has thus far almost always happened that their visitations have been attended by a hot, sultry atmosphere, a still, dead air, and a peculiar yellowish light; but these are conditions which often occur in the warm season, and may happen many times in a summer without causing any natural phenomenon or disturbance of any sort whatever. Science may predict the coming rain and snow and immediate changes in temperature. It may even indicate with certainty the approach of heavy gales, but it can no more indicate with certainty the visitation of a cyclone than it can the eruption of a volcano or the outbreak of an earthquake. Thirty or forty years ago, a little whirl of dust in a village street in Western Massachusetts, such as may be seen almost any summer day, developed into a tornado, which swept for miles with terrific fury, until it was broken by the Berkshire hills, with which it came in contact. Usually, however, there is not even this much notice given. The huge monster whirls through the air with the speed of a rifle-ball, and swoops down upon a village so suddenly that very few people in its course have time to escape to their cellars or other underground excavations, which are the only places of safety. In an entirely open country, where the view is unobstructed, the approach of the tornado may be seen for some distance, if the sky happens to be clear, but even then its speed is so rapid that it strikes a village almost as soon as it is discovered. It affords no data, however, for scientific research; it leaves no traces behind except those of destruction. It is one of those vast, appalling, and gigantic forces of nature whose mystery science has never been able to pierce.—*Chicago Tribune*.

ALL the departments of the Vienna Exposition are filled with goods, except that of the United States, which is still empty. So speaks the cable. Well, well, the lesson is a severe one, and it is hoped the next world's exposition will find the nation a trifle better prepared.

AN IMMENSE CARAVANSARY.

The Grand Pacific Hotel, which is to be opened in Chicago next week, is one of the largest hotels in the world. The structure covers the block bounded by Clark, La Salle, Jackson and Quincy streets, 325 feet from east to west, 186 from north to south, or 60,450 square feet. There are in all 460 rooms, some single and some double-bedded, some in suites of two, others of three, and some of five. One hundred and fifty rooms baths, water-closets, and closet room for trunks. All have marble mantels and grates. In order to give a better idea of the dimensions of this immense building, and to enable the reader to feel its bigness, the following figures are given: There went into the Pacific Hotel 7,000,000 brick; 12,000 cubic feet of limestone; and 40,000 of sandstone. In connection with these, 10,000 barrels of lime and 8,000 yards of sand were used. Over 500 tons of cast and wrought iron, in the shape of beams, etc.; 2,625,500 square feet of lumber were used in joists, rafters, beams, etc.; 237,000 in inside blinds and shutters; 87,000 lineal feet, or 18 miles, in base boards, and 73,000 in door and window casings, and 52,000 square feet of walnut and maple flooring, and 66,000 of walnut and ash ceiling, covering jointly two and three quarter acres. There were 930 windows, 1,070 doors and locks, and 19,415 pairs of butts and hinges. The price of all this carpentry work was \$220,000. In connection with the plumbing work, there were used a mile and three quarters of iron-soil pipe, and nearly as much of brass hot water pipe, 60,987 pounds of lead pipe, 6,000 pounds of solder. There went into the building over eight miles of gas-pipe, and there were 426 chandeliers with 1,518 burners, and 880 brackets with 1,180 burners, making 2,898 in all. There were two fifths of a mile of speaking-tubes, and thirty-eight miles of wire. There were put in of all kinds, 32,188 square feet of glass, being nearly four-fifths of an acre. Of slate and marble tiling there is more than half an acre. There are also 320 marble mantels and grates. The contract price of the building was \$878,339.24. Adding to that the value of brick, marble, etc., obtained from the old building, amounting to \$122,518, the total cost, exclusive of furnishing, of course, was \$1,000,857.94. The mason and stone setting cost \$195,000, the lime and sandstone \$150,000, the painting and glazing \$52,000, and the plastering \$65,000.

AN OLD MAN'S WALK.

Contrary to my original intention to make easy progress the first week or ten days of my journey, I was constrained to do otherwise, and my first day I made thirty-five miles in twelve hours; second, thirty-five in twelve hours; third, nineteen in seven hours, delaying nearly half the day to lecture in the evening at Corvallis; fourth day, forty-six miles in sixteen hours. Fifty days remained over for business at Eugene City, where I was weighed, and found a loss of four pounds, bringing the scales down at one hundred and forty-nine and one-half pounds only. At this point I increased my supply of food and changed my mode of eating, which before had been crackers of pure, unbolted wheat flour and water only (Graham crackers) dry, with some stewed fruit as I could get it, to the crackers broken up and soaked soft in boiling hot water, by which means I was enabled to eat more, while the fluid supplied the waste by sweating, which was copious. Thus, then, I maintained about the average point of one hundred and fifty pounds, I presume, as that was my weight on arriving at Yreka, after walking between three hundred and seventy and eighty miles. Forty-eight hours after arriving at San Francisco, in the same dress in which I was weighed in Portland thirty-six hours before starting, I weighed one hundred and fifty-one pounds, a difference of only two and one-half pounds, after "footing" more than eight hundred miles.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

At the bottom of patient waiting lies heaven. Hope is the pillar that holds up the world. Hold a true friendship with both hands. If the stars were leaves, many people would sleep out of doors. All the flowers on a tree do not produce fruits. The partridge loves peas, but not those going into the pot with itself. A poor man has no friends.

The Hartford *Courier*, having thoroughly collated the facts, concludes that no engine can run more than sixty miles an hour. It adds that some of the fastest runs have been twenty-six miles in thirty minutes, from Springfield to Hartford; eighteen miles in twenty minutes, from Meriden to New Haven; fifty-four miles in fifty-eight minutes, on the Boston and Albany road. One, at least, of these trips was made solely against time.

THE difference between a country and a city greenhorn is, that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

OBSTINATE SCREWS.

Few things are more vexatious than obstinate screws that refuse to move, much less to be drawn out, and in the struggle against screwdriver power, suffer the loss of their heads, like conscientious martyrs, rather than take a single half turn backward from the course they have followed, and from the position they have been forced into. Like obstinate children, they have to be coaxed or rapped pretty hard on the head, according to circumstances; in fact, whoever has a tight, obstinate screw to "draw out," must keep his temper down, and his resolution up, quite as much to the sticking point as the screw does. If the screw is turned into iron and not very rusty, it is only necessary to clear the head with the edge of the driver, and let a few drops of oil penetrate to the threads; but, finding that excessive heat or rust has almost fixed the screw immovable, then heat either by placing a piece of hot iron upon it, or directing the flame of the blow-pipe upon the head, and after applying a little oil, turn out gently; but care must be taken not to let the tool slip so as to damage the notch. If, however, the screw refuses to come out, try to force it back with a blunt chisel, smartly but carefully tapped with a light hammer; but, if evidently nothing can dislodge the enemy, it is best to cut the head away and drill out the screw. When an obstinate screw happens to be in wood, merely give it a few taps on the head; but failing in that, heat it with a piece of hot iron, when it will turn out easily.—*Hub*.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCY.

Here is a useful hint on the best method of action when the clothing of any friend is on fire—an accident which all are liable to. Seize a shawl, or blanket, or any woolen fabric, hold the corner as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clapping in the arms, mostly about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch in thickness of flour; if possible, put the patient in bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin can be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of this action is, that like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain by totally excluding all the air from the injured parts.

READY MONEY.

Ready money is an excellent thing to have on hand. No matter if it is only a little sum. If it is only sufficient for the current expenses, it is a great convenience, to say the least. Any one who has tried and compared the credit with the cash system, will readily admit the correctness of the above remark. When you buy for cash you generally get things cheaper—get better weight and measure, and all the favors the dealer can extend to his patrons. On the chronic credit system the matter is usually reserved. If you try to avoid credit by borrowing, you improve matters very little if any. Hence we give this advice, "turn an honest penny" whenever you can, and always have sufficient money on hand to meet your small engagements.

Farmers usually depend upon their one crop for the means necessary to meet the expenses of the whole year, and it is singular that they should thus depend upon the one single source, while the opportunities for a profit are more varied on the farm than in almost any other branch of industry. Put yourselves to thinking, and do not miss a single opportunity for earning a dollar, or a dime even. Persevering industry begets economy, and both combined beget competency and fortune.

It reports are to be credited, the Vienna Exhibition has not so far proved successful. The Viennese were in too much of a hurry to empty the pockets of strangers, and the report of their exorbitant charges spread far and wide. The bills of fare at the hotels have been increasing from day to day, a dollar and a half being the latest charge for a tolerable breakfast, and twenty cents for getting boots blacked. Americans will be interested in the announcement that the proprietor of a hotel built expressly for transatlantic visitors openly avows his intention to get all his money back during the season of the exhibition. Extortion seems to be the order of the day in Vienna, and after all it may not have been all native corruption that infected our Commissioners.

A MAN writing of the weather says: "The backbone of winter is broken, but the tail wags yet occasionally."

RATHER PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden
Had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding,
Was the pretty little theme,
A pretty little bachelor
To win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be
His pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes,
And a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances
From a pretty little eye;
With a pretty little face,
Behind a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposal
Of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves,"
And some pretty little "dears,"
And some pretty little smiles
And some pretty little tears;
Some pretty little presents,
And a pretty little kiss,
Were some pretty little promises
To some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady
And her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little passion
And his pretty little clerk.
A pretty little wedding ring
United them for life,
A pretty little husband,
And a pretty little wife.

VARIETIES.

SEE in another column the advertisement headed, "I Will Help Any Man."

"I'm going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

A VIRGINIA paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

A YOUNG man, charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

An old lady hearing somebody say that the mails were very irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting on 'em."

The wife of a Methodist minister in Tennessee has been seriously ill for some time, but, says a Southern paper in announcing the fact, "hopes are entertained that she will recover." And then it adds: "Let him (the husband) have the sympathy and prayers of his brethren in this hour of affliction and discouragement."

An Irishman once lived with a farmer as hired man. The young folks of the neighborhood, on one occasion, had a party, to which they did not invite him. Pat considered himself very much slighted, but after cogitating the matter for a while, he brightened up, and exclaimed, "Faith, I'll be even with 'em yet; I'll have a party meself, and I won't invite nobody."

DURING the war one of the Northern hotel-keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard. "Look here," said the hotel-keeper; "Sambo, these eggs are boiled too hard. Now take my watch and boil some three minutes by it." He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes the freedman returned with the eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet. "What have you been doing to my watch?" asked the Northern visitor; "why, it's all wet." "Yes, sah," said the negro; "I billed de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah?"

ALPHABET OF SHORT RULES.

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
Know thyself.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Poe-pone nothing that you can do now.
Quarrel not with your neighbor.
Recompense every man for his labor.
Save something against a day of trouble.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Vilify no person's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xamine your conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path.

MERCURY IN THE SYSTEM.

Prof. Hyatt delivered a lecture on mercury in Vienna, recently, when he exhibited the leg bone of a man whose death had undoubtedly been hastened by mercury. On striking the bone heavily upon the table, out fell thousands of little glittering globules of mercury—bright metallic mercury—which rolled about upon the black surface before him, collecting here and there into drops. This mercury had been absorbed during life, undermined the man's system, and proved fatal to him. The mortality among those who work in mines of quicksilver, or in the works where it is reduced, is known to be frightful. In the celebrated mines of Idria, the men work alternately one month in the mines and one in the smelting-house. But notwithstanding this, it appears that of the hundreds employed there, one-fourth become salivated.